

English Literature for Secondary Schools

(HISTORICAL SECTION)

General Editor :—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

A BOOK OF POETRY

PART I



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TORONTO

A Book of Poetry

Illustrative of English History

Part I. (A.D. 61-1485)

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A BOOK OF POETRY
ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH HISTORY
PART I.

1. BOADICEA.

(A.D. 61.)

BOADICEA, queen of the British tribe of the Iceni, headed a great revolt against the Romans, being provoked to it by their cruel treatment of herself and her daughters. A fearful massacre followed, but she was ultimately defeated by Suetonius Paulinus, and slew herself.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak 5
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

'Princess ! if our aged eyes 10
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd, 15
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

20

'Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

25

'Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'

30

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

35

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe ;

40

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.'

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

2. THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

(c. 890.)

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
 Who dwelt in Helgoland,
 To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
 Brought a snow-white walrus tooth,
 Which he held in his brown right hand. 5

His figure was tall and stately,
 Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
 His hair was yellow as hay,
 But the threads of a silvery gray
 Gleamed in his tawny beard. 10

Hearty and hale was Othere,
 His cheek had the colour of oak ;
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,
 Like the sea tide on a beach,
 As unto the King he spoke. 15

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Had a book upon his knees,
 And wrote down the wondrous tale
 Of him who was first to sail
 Into the Arctic Seas. 20

'So far I live to the northward,
 No man lives north of me ;
 To the east are wild mountain-chains,
 And beyond them meres and plains ;
 To the westward all is sea. 25

'So far I live to the northward,
 From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
 If you only sailed by day,
 With a fair wind all the way
 More than a month would you sail. 30

'I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus hide. 35

'I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old sea-faring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas :-- 40

'Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep :—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas. 45

'To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north
As far as the whale-ships go. 50

'To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more. 55

'The days grew longer and longer
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red mid-night sun. 60

'And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,

The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge. 66

'The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed. 70

'Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O king,
With red and lurid light.' 75

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile. 80

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word. 85

'And now the land,' said Othere,
'Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea. 90

'And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel. 95

'There were six of us altogether,
 Norsemen of Helgoland ;
 In two days and no more
 We killed of them threescore,
 And dragged them to the strand.' 100

Here Alfred, the Truth-teller,
 Suddenly closed his book
 And lifted his blue eyes,
 With doubt and strange surmise
 Depicted in their look. 105

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
 Stared at him wild and weird,
 Then smiled, till his shining teeth
 Gleamed white from underneath
 His tawny, quivering beard. 110

And to the King of the Saxons,
 In witness of the truth,
 Raising his noble head,
 He stretched his brown hand, and said,
 'Behold this walrus-tooth !' 115

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

3. KING CANUTE.

(1020.)

THE incident recorded in this poem is traditional, but the poem itself is partly burlesque.

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for
 years a score,
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and
 robbing more ;
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild
 sea-shore.

'Leading on my fierce companions,' cried he, 'over storm
and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory
like to mine?' 5

Loudly all the courtiers echoed: 'Where is glory like to
thine?'

'What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now
and old;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and
cold;

Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent
mould!

'Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears
and bites; 10

Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all
the lights;

Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at
nights.

'Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their
slaughtered sires.'—

'Such a tender conscience,' cried a bishop, 'every one
admires. 15

'But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious
lord, to search,

They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother
Church;

Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

'Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your
grace's bounty raised;

Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are
daily praised: 20

You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm
amazed!'

'Nay, I feel,' replied King Canute, 'that my end is drawing near.'

'Don't say so,' exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

'Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.'

'Live these fifty years!' the bishop roared, with actions made to suit. 25

'Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!

Men have lived a *thousand* years, and sure his majesty will do 't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Methuselah, Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the king as well as they?'

'Fervently,' exclaimed the keeper, 'fervently I trust he may.' 30

'*He* to die?' resumed the bishop. 'He a mortal like to *us*?

Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*:

Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet; 35

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.'

'Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?'

Canute cried; 40

'Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her
heavenly ride?

If the moon obey my orders, sure I can command the
tide.

'Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I make
the sign?'

Said the bishop, bowing lowly, 'Land and sea, my lord,
are thine.'

Canute turned towards the ocean—'Back!' he said,
'thou foaming brine! 45

'From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to
retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's
seat:

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my
feet!'

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper
roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on
the shore; 50

Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king and
courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human
clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and
seas obey:

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from
that day.

W. M. THACKERAY (1811-1863).

4. WILLIAM'S EULOGY OF HAROLD.

(1066.)

SPOKEN by the Conqueror as he stands at night on the battle-field, looking down on the dead body of Harold.

WE will not give him
 A Christian burial : yet he was a warrior,
 And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow
 Which God avenged to-day.
 Wrap them together in a purple cloak 5
 And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore
 At Hastings, there to guard the land for which
 He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,
 And but that Holy Peter fought for us,
 And that the false Northumbrian held aloof, 10
 And save for that chance arrow which the Saints
 Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—
 Three horses had I slain beneath me : twice
 I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
 And that was from my boyhood, never yet— 15
 No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men
 Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
 Of English. Every man about his king
 Fell where he stood. They loved him : and, pray God
 My Normans may but move as true with me 20
 To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,
 Make them again one people—Norman, English ;
 And English, Norman ; we should have a hand
 To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it . . .
 Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over. No more blood ! 25
 I am king of England, so they thwart me not,
 And I will rule according to their laws.

LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

5. THE WHITE SHIP.

(1120.)

WHILE crossing from Normandy to England, the White Ship, in which Henry I.'s son William was sailing, struck upon the reef of Otteville, five miles off the Norman coast, and William perished while attempting to save his half-sister, the Countess of Perche. The story is told by the sole survivor.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

5

(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King,—
A pilot famous in seafaring ;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

10

'Liege Lord ! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

'And cried : "By this clasp I claim command
O'er every rood of English land !"

15

'He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow :

'And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson too.

'The famed White Ship is mine in the bay ;
From Harfleur's harbour she sails to-day,

20

'With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well-tried mariners.'

Quoth the King : ' My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son. 25

' My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship.'

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show, 30
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were :

And I Berold was the meanest hind 35
In all that train to the Prince assign'd.

The Prince was a lawless shameless youth ;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth :

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen. 40

And now he cried : ' Bring wine from below ;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row :

' Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbour at midnight.'

The rowers made good cheer without check ; 45
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck ;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water-way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune 50
To the double flight of the ship and the moon.

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea. 55

And the Prince cried, 'Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
Is a songbird's course so swift on the wing?'

And under the winter stars' still throng
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song. 60

A song,—nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock. 65

'Tis said that afar—a shrill strange sigh—
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm, 70
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierc'd:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up. 75

A moment the pilot's senses spin.
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near,
'Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!' 80

'What! none to be saved but these and I?'
'Row, row as you'd live! all here must die!'

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip. 85

'Twas then, o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim,
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all 90
As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

I Berold was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry, 95
And he said, 'Put back! she must not die!'

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat. 100

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide;
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so. 105

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And 'Saved!' was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell. 110

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And maugre the Norman fealty !

He was a Prince of lust and pride ; 115
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plough.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake, 120
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea, 125
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

D. G. ROSSETTI (1828-1882).

(By arrangement with Messrs. Ellis.)

6. BECKET.

(1162.)

BECKET has just been made Archbishop of Canterbury. He is alone with his friend and adviser, HERBERT OF BOSHAM, an elderly priest.

Bec. A heavy weight, good Herbert, and a sudden !

Her. My lord, it came from heaven ; what need we more ?
Who sent the weight will send the strength. That bard
Whose Trojan legend was the old world's Bible
Clothed his best Greek with armour from the gods, 5
And o'er the field it bore him like a wind.
What meant that armour ? Duty ! O my lord,
The airy gauds that deck us, these depress us :

The divine burthen and the weight from God
Uplift us and sustain.

Bec. Herbert! my Herbert! 10
High visions, mine in youth, upbraid me now:
I dreamed of sanctities redeemed from shame;
Abuses crushed; all sacred offices
Reserved for spotless hands. Again I see them;
I see God's realm so bright each English home 15
Sharing that glory basks amid its peace;
I see the clear flame on the poor man's hearth
From God's own altar lit; the angelic childhood;
The chaste, strong youth; the reverence of white hairs:—
'Tis this Religion means. O Herbert! Herbert! 20
We must secure her this! Her rights, the lowest
Shall in my hand be safe. I will not suffer
The pettiest stone in castle, grange, or mill,
The humblest clod of English earth, one time
A fief of my great mother, Canterbury, 25
To rest a caitiff's booty. Herbert, Herbert,
Had I foreseen, with what a vigilant care
Had I built up my soul! The fall from greatness
Had tried me less severely. Many a time
I said, 'From follies of these courts and camps 30
Reverse will scourge me homeward to my God;
He'll ne'er forego me till I grow to Christian!'
Lo! greatness comes, not judgment.

Her. It may be
That God hath sent you both in one. Fear nought!
At Paris first, and after at Bologna, 35
You learned the Church's lore.

Bec. I can be this,
The watch-dog keeping safe his master's door
Though knowing but little of the stores within:
I'll do my best to learn. Give we, each day,
Six hours to sacred studies! Ah! you smile; 40
You note once more the boaster. Friend, 'tis true.

Our penitence itself doth need repentance ;
 Our humbleness hath in it blots of pride.
 Hark to that truant's song ! We celibates
 Are strangely captured by this love of children, 45
 Nature's revenge—say, rather, compensation.
 The King will take him hence : God's will be done !
 I lose my pupil, and become your pupil ;
 A humble one ; no more.
 High saint of God, or doctor of the Church, 50
 'Twere late for that : yet something still remains :
 I ever wished to live an honest man,
 Honest to all, and most to Christ, my Master.
 Help me to be His servant true !

Her. I promise.

Bec. Henceforth I cast all worldly pomps aside : 55
 The King must find some worthier chancellor :
 It irks me thus to slight his gifts ; yet John
 Who journeys with the prince must bear to France
 This realm's Great Seal.

Her. Bid John to teach his charge,
 He'll need it when a king, humility. 60
 When first I saw the prince 'twas on his birthday :
 Songs rang, and banners waved : the child was glad
 And tossed his head in triumph. Thus I warned him :
 'Child, walk less proudly ! He who fashioned man
 Fashioned yon worm ; and when the man lies dead 65
 The worm consumes his flesh !' 'My flesh,' he cried
 With flashing eyes, 'My flesh—the King of England's !—
 I'd treat them thus !' and thrice on the green turf
 Down stamped his little crimson boot. He comes !
 How clear his voice. [PRINCE HENRY enters.

Bec. The swallow, little prince, 70
 Can twitter though he sings not : so can you
 That, like the swallow, with you waft the Spring.

P. Hen. Better his twitter than the organ's growl :
 Vespers are done ; that's well !

Bec. They say, my child,
Those Canterbury monks have made me primate ; 75
I little like the charge.

P. Hen. Why take it then ?
I spurned this day a shoe though wrought in pearl,
Because it galled me ; ay, and left some red
Upon the maker's cheek ! The chancellor's gown 79
Was gayer thrice than that. You have changed for worse !

Bec. High place hath many foes.

P. Hen. When father dies
I shall be King : that day I'll find and slay them !

Bec. Child, love you not your father ?

P. Hen. Lo ! you frown !
I love my father, but I love you better :
Not oft he speaks to me, nor then with smiles : 85
He knows no pretty tales of birds and beasts ;
He never lays his hand upon my head ;
Hard are his questions ; ere the answer comes
He sits in thought, or leaves me.

Bec. Little prince,
It may be when a cloud is on his brow 90
His thought is for his son ! Know you not, Henry,
A father's heart is with his babes ? For them
He toils all day ; for them keeps watch by night ;
Risks oft his soul itself. See you this letter ?
It bids me send you home. We part at sunrise. 95

P. Hen. I will not go ! I'll stay with you in London !—
Hark, hark, the light hoofs dancing in the court :
Long-maned, large eyed, a white star on his front :
They said he was so gentle I could ride him :
I answered, I would ride him mild or wild. 100
Father, farewell ! [*Rushes out followed by HERBERT.*]

Bec. Farewell, light heart ! Man's life
Loses its speciousness : remains but Duty.

AUBREY DE VERE (the younger) (1814-1902),
Thomas à Becket, Act I. Sc. II.

7. ENGLAND, AND HER INVADERS.

(1216.)

SPOKEN by Faulconbridge immediately after John's death, on the receipt of the Dauphin's proposals for peace.

Faulconbridge. This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, 5
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

W. SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

King John, Act V. Sc. VII.

8. LAMENT FOR SIMON DE MONTFORT.

(Battle of Evesham, 1265.)

TRANSLATED from an early poem in French, written by one of
Simon de Montfort's adherents.

In song my grief shall find relief,
Sad is my verse and rude :
I sing in tears our gentle peers
Who fell for England's good.
Our peace they sought, for us they fought, 5
For us they dared to die ;
And where they sleep, a mangled heap,
Their wounds for vengeance cry.

*On Evesham's plain is Montfort slain,
Well skill'd the war to guide ; 10
Where streams his gore shall all deplore
Fair England's flower and pride.*

Ere Tuesday's sun its course had run
 Our noblest chiefs had bled.
 While rush'd to fight each gallant knight, 15
 Their dastard vassals fled.
 Still undismay'd, with trenchant blade
 They hew'd their desperate way :
 Not strength or skill to Edward's will,
 But numbers gave the day. 20
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Yet, by the blow that laid thee low,
 Brave earl, one palm was given ;
 Nor less at thine than Becket's shrine
 Shall rise our vows to heaven ' 25
 Our church and laws, your common cause,
 'Twas his the church to save,
 Our rights restor'd, thou, generous lord,
 Shalt triumph in thy grave.
On Evesham's plain, &c. 30

Each righteous lord who braved the sword,
 And for our safety died,
 With conscience pure shall aye endure,
 Our martyr'd saint beside.
 That martyr'd saint was never faint 35
 To ease the poor man's care ;
 With gracious will he shall fulfil
 Our just and earnest prayer.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

On Montfort's breast a hair-cloth vest 40
 His pious soul proclaim'd ;
 With ruffian hand, the ruthless band
 That sacred emblem maim'd :
 And, to assuage their impious rage,
 His lifeless corpse defaced. 45

Whose powerful arm long saved from harm
The realm his virtues graced.

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Brave martyr'd chief! no more our grief
For thee or thine shall flow; 50
Among the bless'd in heaven ye rest
From all your toils below.
But for the few, the gallant crew,
Who here in bonds remain,
Christ condescend their woes to end, 55
And break the tyrant's chain!

On Evesham's plain, &c.

Tr. by G. ELLIS (1753-1815).

9. THE BARD

(1283.)

IN the spring of 1283 the English at last forced a passage through the defiles of Snowdon, which had been held by Llewellyn until his death in December 1282. The poem, with its tremendous denunciation, is based on the groundless tradition that Edward I. massacred the Welsh Bards.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, 5
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay, 10
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array :
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air) 20
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave, 25
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main : 30
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, 35
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet, 45
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race: 50
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's roof that ring, 55
Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait! 60
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn. 70

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sleeping Whirlwind's sway, 75
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair 80
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course, 85
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek Usurper's holy head. 90
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled Boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom, 95
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.) 100
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In you bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height 105
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail! 110

'Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine ! 115
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attenuated sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ? 120
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

 The verse adorn again 125
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
 A voice as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man think'st thou yon sanguine cloud, 135
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign : 140
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
 To triumph and to die are mine.'
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

10. SIR PATRICK SPENS.

(1290.)

THOUGH Sir Patrick Spens' expedition to Norway is not historical, it may be a refraction of the well-known incident of the death of the Maid of Norway on her way to Scotland. This would always be remembered by the Scotch for its terrible consequences.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blood red wine ;
'O where will I get a good sailor
To sail this ship of mine ?'

Up and spake an eldern knight, 5
Sat by the king's right knee :
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea.'

Our king has written a broad letter
And signed it with his hand, 10
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the foam !
The king's daughter of Noroway, 15
'Tis thou must bring her home.'

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughéd he ;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee. 20

'O who is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send me out this time of the year
To sail upon the sea ?

'Be it wind, be it wet, be it hail, be it aleet, 25
Our ship must sail the foam ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her home.'

They hoist their sails on Monanday morn
With all the speed they may ; 30
They have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords of Noroway 35
Began aloud to say :

'Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's gold
And all our queene's fee.'—
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Foul loud I hear ye lie : 40

'For I brought as much white money
As gain my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of good red gold
Out o'er the sea with me.'

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men all 45
Our good ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alack ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen
With the auld moon in her arm, 50
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark and the wind blew loud, 55
And gurlly grew the sea.

The anchors brake and the topmasts lap,
It was such a deadly storm;
And the waves came over the broken ship,
Till all her sides were torn. 60

'O where will I get a good sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor good, 65
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He had not gone a step, a step,
A step but barely ane, 70
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Go fetch a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side, 75
And let not the sea come in!'

They fetched a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that good ship's side,
But still the sea came in. 80

O loth, loth were our good Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon;
But long ere all the play was played
Their hats they swam aboon.

And many was the feather-bed 85
That fluttered on the foam;
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came home.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
 With their fans into their hand, 90
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 With their gold combs in their hair,
 Awaiting for their own dear loves, 95
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half over, half over to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathoms deep ;
 And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
 With the Scots lords at his feet. 100

Traditional Ballad.

11. SCOTS WHA HA'E WI' WALLACE BLED.

(1314.)

BRUCE's address to his army before the battle of Bannockburn.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled !
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !
 Now's the day, an' now's the hour : 5
 See the front of battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ? 10
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn an' flee !
 Wha for Scotland's king an' law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa', 15
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

20

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796).

12. DEATH OF EDWARD II.

(1327.)

ON January 7, 1327, Edward was deposed; on September 21,
 he was murdered in Berkeley Castle.

The King is left alone with Lightborn, a murderer.

K. Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore
 com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks:
 Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord! 5
 Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
 For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
 To see a king in this most piteous state? 10

K. Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
 And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
 Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
 Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink 15
 Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

K. Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum; 30
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein, 25
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my
heart. 30

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but
death;

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes, 35
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent
blood, 40

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this: [*Giving jewel.*]
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee. 45

O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know, that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I remain alive? 50

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord ; lie down and rest.

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now, as I speak, they fall ; and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ? 55

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

K. Edw. No, no ; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*

Light. He sleeps.

K. Edw. [*waking.*] O ! 60

Let me not die ; yet stay, O, stay a while !

Light. How now, my lord ?

K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake ;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus ; 65
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

Light. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come.

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul !

C. MARLOWE (1564-1593).

13. DURHAM FIELD.

(1346.)

THIS ballad was written at least 130 years after the event and contains some historical errors (see notes). In October 1346, David Bruce invaded England to divert Edward III from the Siege of Calais. He was defeated on October 17, at Neville's Cross, near Durham, and taken prisoner.

~~Loquaces~~, listen and hold you still ;

~~Hearken~~ to me a little spell ;

I shall you tell of the fairest battle

That ever in England befell.

For as it befell in Edward the Third's days, 5
In England, where he ware the crown,
Then all the chief chivalry of England
They busked and made them boun.

They chosen all the best archers
That in England might be found, 10
And all was to fight with the King of France,
Within a little stound.

And when our King was over the water,
And on the salt sea gone,
Then tidings into Scotland came 15
That all England was gone.

Bows and arrows they were all forth,
At home was not left a man,
But shepherds and millers both,
And priests with shaven crowns. 20

Then the King of Scots in a study stood,
As he was a man of great might;
He sware he would hold his Parliament in leeve
London,
If he could ride there right.

Then bespake a squire, of Scotland born, 25
And said 'My liege, apace,
Before you come to leeve London,
Full sore you'll rue that race.

'There been bold yeomen in merry England,
Husbandmen stiff and strong; 30
Sharp swords they done wear,
Bearen bows and arrows long.'

The King was angry at that word;
A long sword out he drew,
And there before his royal company 35
His own squire he slew.

Hard hansel had the Scots that day,
That wrought them woe enow,
For then durst not a Scot speak a word
For hanging at a bough. 40

'The Earl of Anguish, where art thou?
In my coat-armour thou shalt be,
And thou shalt lead the forward
Thorough the English country.

'Take thee York,' then said the King, 45
'In stead whereas it doth stand;
I'll make thy eldest son after thee
Heir of all Northumberland.

'The Earl of Vaughan, where be ye?
In my coat-armour thou shalt be; 50
The high Peak and Derbyshire
I give it thee to thy fee.'

Then came in famous Douglas,
Says 'What shall my meed be?
And I'll lead the vanward, lord, 55
Thorough the English country.'

'Take thee Worcester,' said the King,
'Tewkesbury, Kenilworth, Burton upon Trent;
Do thou not say another day
But I have given thee lands and rent. 60

'Sir Richard of Edinburgh, where are ye?
A wise man in this war!
I'll give thee Bristow and the shire
The time that we come there.

'My lord Neville, where been ye? 65
You must in these wars be;
I'll give thee Shrewsbury,' says the King,
'And Coventry fair and free.

'My lord of Hamilton, where art thou?
Thou art of my kin full nigh; 70
I'll give thee Lincoln and Lincolnshire,
And that's enough for thee.'

By then came in William Douglas,
As breme as any boar;
He kneeled him down upon his knees, 75
In his heart he sighed sore.

Says 'I have served you, my lovely liege,
These thirty winters and four,
And in the Marshes between England and Scotland,
I have been wounded and beaten sore. 80

'For all the good service that I have done,
What shall my meed be?
And I will lead the vanward
Thorough the English country.'

'Ask on, Douglas,' said the King, 85
'And granted it shall be.'

'Why then, I ask little London,' says William
Douglas,
'Gotten if that it be.'

The King was wrath, and rose away;
Says 'Nay, that cannot be! 90
For that I will keep for my chief chamber,
Gotten if it be.

'But take thee North Wales and Westchester,
The country all round about,
And rewarded thou shalt be, 95
Of that take thou no doubt.'

Five score knights he made on a day,
And dubb'd them with his hands;
Rewarded them right worthily
With the towns in merry England. 100

And when the fresh knights they were made,
To battle they busk them boun ;
James Douglas went before,
And he thought to have won him shoon.

But they were met in a morning of May 105
With the communalty of little England ;
But there 'scaped never a man away,
Through the might of Christes hand.

But all only James Douglas ;
In Durham in the field 110
An arrow struck him in the thigh ;
Fast flings he towards the King.

The King looked toward little Durham,
Says 'All things is not well !
For James Douglas bears an arrow in his thigh, 115
The head of it is of steel.

'How now, James?' then said the King,
'How now, how may this be ?
And where been all thy merry men
That thou took hence with thee?' 120

'But cease, my King,' says James Douglas,
'Alive is not left a man !'
'Now by my faith,' says the King of the Scots,
'That gate was evil gone.

'But I'll revenge thy quarrel well, 125
And of that thou may be fain ;
For one Scot will beat five Englishmen,
If they meeten them on the plain.'

'Now hold your tongue,' says James Douglas,
'For in faith that is not so ; 130
For one Englishman is worth five Scots,
When they meeten together tho.

'For they are as eager men to fight
As a falcon upon a prey ;
Alas ! if ever they win the vanward, 135
There scapes no man away.'

'O peace thy talking,' said the King,
'They be but English knaves,
But shepherds and millers both,
And priests with their staves.' 140

The King sent forth one of his heralds of armes
To view the Englishmen.

'Be of good cheer,' the herald said,
'For against one we be ten.'

'Who leads those lads?' said the King of the
Scots, 145

'Thou herald, tell thou me.'

The herald said 'The Bishop of Durham
Is captain of that company.

'For the Bishop hath spread the King's banner,
And to battle he busks him boun.' 150

I swear by St. Andrew's bones,' says the King,
'I'll rap that priest on the crown.'

The King looked towards little Durham,
And there he well beheld,
That the Earl Percy was well armed, 155
With his battle-axe entered the field.

The King looked again towards little Durham,
Four ancients there see he ;
There were two standards, six in a valley,
He could not see them with his eye. 160

My lord of York was one of them,
My lord of Carlisle was the other,
And my lord Fluwilliams,
The one came with the other.

The Bishop of Durham commanded his men, 165
And shortly he them bade,
That never a man should go to the field to fight
Till he had served his God.

Five hundred priests said mass that day
In Durham in the field, 170
And afterwards, as I heard say,
They bare both spear and shield.

The Bishop of Durham orders himself to fight
With his battle-axe in his hand ;
He said 'This day now I will fight 175
As long as I can stand !'

'And so will I,' said my lord of Carlisle,
'In this fair morning gay.'
'And so will I,' said my lord Fluwilliams,
'For Mary, that mild may.' 180

Our English archers bent their bows
Shortly and anon ;
They shot over the Scottish host
And scanty touched a man.

'Hold down your hands,' said the Bishop of Durham,
'My archers good and true.' 185
The second shoot that they shot,
Full sore the Scots it rue.

The Bishop of Durham spoke on high
That both parties might hear. 190
'Be of good cheer, my merry men all,
The Scots flien and changen their cheer.

The King of Scots in a study stood
Amongst his company ;
An arrow stuck him thorough the nose, 195
And thorough his armoury.

The King went to a marsh-side
And light beside his steed ;
He leaned him down on his sword-hilts
To let his nose bleed. 200

There followed him a yeoman of merry England,
His name was John of Copland ;
'Yield thee, traitor !' says Copland then,
'Thy life lies in my hand.'

'How should I yield me,' says the King, 205
'And thou art no gentleman ?'
'No, by my troth,' says Copland there,
'I am but a poor yeoman.

'What art thou better than I, sir King?
Tell me, if that thou can !' 210
What art thou better than I, sir King,
Now we be but man to man ?'

The King smote angrily at Copland then,
Angrily in that stound ;
And then Copland was a bold yeoman, 215
And bore the King to the ground.

He set the King upon a palfrey,
Himself upon a steed ;
He took him by the bridle-rein,
Towards London he 'gan him lead. 220

And when to London that he came,
The King from France was new come home,
And there unto the King of Scots
He said these words anon.

'How like you my shepherds and my millers ? 225
My priests with shaven crowns ?'
'By my faith, they are the sorest fighting men
That ever I met on the ground.

'There was never a yeoman in merry England
But he was worth a Scottish knight.' 230
'Ay, by my troth,' said King Edward, and laughed,
'For you fought all against the right.'

But now the prince of merry England
Worthily under his shield
Hath taken the King of France, 235
At Poitiers in the field.

The prince did present his father with that food,
The lovely King of France,
And forward of his journey he is gone.
God send us all good chance ! 240

'You are welcome, brother !' said the King of Scots,
'For I am come hither too soon ;
Christ leve that I had taken my way
Unto the court of Rome !'

'And so, would I,' said the King of France, 245
'When I came over the stream,
That I had taken my journey then
Unto Jerusalem !'

Thus ends the battle of fair Durham,
In one morning of May, 250
The battles of Crécy, and Poitiers,
All within one monthes day.

Then was wealth and welfare in merry England
Solaces, game, and glee,
And every man loved other well, 255
And the King loved good yeomanry.

But God that made the grass to grow,
And leaves on greenwood tree,
Now save and keep our noble King,
And maintain good yeomanry ! 260

Traditional Ballad.

14. CHEVY CHASE.

(1388.)

THIS ballad is a version (dating from the 17th century) of the older ballad, The Hunting of the Cheviot, which was founded upon the story of the battle of Otterburn, August 19, 1388.

God prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safeties all !
A woeful Hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn, 5
Earl Percy took the way ;
The child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day !

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make, 10
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three summer days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase,
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came 15
In Scotland, where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort 20

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

- The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, 25
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear ;
- And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain : 20
Then, having dined, the droviers went
To rouse the deer again.
- The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales 35
An echo shrill did make.
- Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer,
Quoth he, 'Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here : 40
- 'But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay !'
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say :
- 'Lo ! yonder doth Earl Douglas come, 45
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight !
- 'All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.' 50
'O, cease your sports !' Earl Percy said,
'And take your bows with speed :
- 'And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For there was never champion yet, 55
In Scotland, nor in France,

'That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear!' 60

Earl Douglas, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Show me,' said he, 'whose men ye be, 65
That hunt so boldly here—
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer.'

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he, 70
Who said, 'We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

'Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath, 75
And thus in rage did say :

'Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well ! An earl thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I. 80

'But, trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these, our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

'Let thou and I the battle try ;
And set our men aside.'
'Accursed be he,' Earl Percy said,
'By whom it is denied !'

- Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name, 90
Who said, 'I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,
'That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You be two earls,' quoth Witherington, 95
'And I a squire alone.
- 'I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.' 100
- Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true.
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.
- Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent, 105
As Chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.
- They closed full fast on every side ;
No slackness there was found : 110
But many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.
- O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore, 115
And scattered here and there.
- At last, these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions wood they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight : 120

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

‘O yield thee, Percy,’ Douglas said, 125
‘In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high avancèd be,
By James, our Scottish King!

‘Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee— 130
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see!’

‘No, Douglas,’ quoth Earl Percy then,
‘Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot 135
That ever yet was born!’

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas on the breast
A deep and deadly blow ; 140

Who never spake more words than these,
‘Fight on, my merry men all !
Forwhy my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall!’

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took 145
The dead man by the hand,
Who said, ‘Earl Douglas, for thy life,
Would I had lost my land !

‘O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
For sorrow, for thy sake, 150
For, sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take !

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die ;
Who straight in heart did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called ;
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English archers all,
Without or dread or fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might,
His body he did gore,
The staff ran through the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more.

Thus did both those nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a good bow in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree.
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
So right the shaft he set ;
The grey-geese wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun :
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there was slain 185
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Radcliffe, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account, 190
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off, 195
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
And Sir Charles Murray, that from field
One foot would never flee. 200

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliffe, too,
His sister's son was he :
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case, 205
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ; 210
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail :
They washed their wounds in brinish tears ; 215
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away.
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay. 220

The news was brought to Edinborough,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

'O, heavy news!' King James did say, 225
'Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he!'

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space, 230
That Percy of Northumberland,
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

'Now, God be with him!' said our King,
'Sith it will no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realm, 235
Five hundred as good as he.

'Yet shall not Scots, nor Scotland, say
But I will vengeance take ;
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.' 240

This vow the King did well perform
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account, 245
Did many thousands die.
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our King ; and bless this land
 With plenty, joy, and peace !
 And grant henceforth, that foul debate
 *Twixt noblemen may cease !

250

Traditional Ballad.

15. FROM RICHARD II.

(1399.)

JOHN OF GAUNT, on his deathbed, prepares to warn Richard of
 the error of his ways.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress, built by nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

10

15

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry 25
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm : 30
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others, 35
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

W. SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

16. KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S CONQUEST.

(1415.)

THE story of the three tennis-balls is traditional and is supported by the chroniclers (cf. *Henry V.*, Act. I. Sc. II.).

As our king lay musing on his bed,
 He bethought himself upon a time,
 Of a tribute that was due from France,
 Had not been paid for so long a time.

He called on his trusty page, 5
 His trusty page then called he,
 "Oh, you must go to the king of France,
 Oh, you must go right speedily."

'And tell him of my tribute due,
 Ten ton of gold that's due to me ; 10
 That he must send my tribute home,
 Or in French land he soon will me see.'

Oh, then away went the trusty page,
 Away, away, and away went he,
 Until he came to the king of France, 15
 And fell down low on his bended knee.

'My master greets you, worthy sire,
 Ten ton of gold there is due, says he,
 And you must send him his tribute home,
 Or in French land you will soon him see.' 20

'Your master's young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into my degree ;
 But I will send him three tennis balls,
 That with them learn to play may he.'

Oh, then away came the trusty page, 25
 Away, and away, and away came he,
 Until he came to our gracious king,
 And fell down low on his bended knee.

'What news, what news, my trusty page, 29
 What news, what news, hast thou brought to me ?'
 'I've brought such news from the king of France,
 That you and he will never agree.

'He says you're young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into his degree ;
 But he will send you three tennis balls, 35
 That with them you may learn to play.'

Oh, then bespoke our noble king,
 A solemn vow then vowed he :
 'I'll promise him such tennis balls,
 As in French lands he ne'er did see.' 40

52 THE LANCASTRIAN AND YORKIST KINGS

They called up Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby lads that were so free,
Not a married man, nor a widow's son,
Yet they were a jovial bold company.

Oh, then we sailed to fair French land, 45
With drums and trumpets so merrily,
Oh, then bespoke the king of France,
'Lo, yonder comes proud king Henry.'

The first fire that the Frenchmen gave,
They killed our Englishmen so free; 50
We killed ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they were forced to flee.

And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrily;
Oh, then bespoke the king of France, 55
'Lord! have mercy on my men and me!

'Go! tell him I'll send his tribute home,
Ten ton of gold that is due from me;
And the fairest flower in our French land
To the Rose of England she shall go free.' 60

Traditional Ballad.

17. HENRY V.'s SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT.

(1415.)

THE battle of Agincourt was fought on October 25th, the feast of the Saints Crispinus and Crispinianus. The wish ascribed to Westmoreland (who was in England) was really uttered by Sir Walter Hungerford.

<i>Westmoreland.</i>	O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England	
That do no work to-day!	
<i>King Henry.</i>	What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin :
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 5
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ; 10
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires .
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England : 15
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 20
 Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian : 25
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, 30
 And say 'To-morrow is St. Crispian ;'
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages 35
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. 40
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ; 45
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here, 50
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

18. AGINCOURT.

(1415.)

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main, 5
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.
 And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort, 10
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour,
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay 15
 With all his power :

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men, 25
Quoth our brave Henry then,
'Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won 30
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

‘And for myself,’ quoth he,
‘This my full rest shall be :
England ne’er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay, 115
 To England to carry.
 O, when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry? 120

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631).

19. THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

(1485.)

AN allegorical ballad dealing with the invasion of England by Henry of Richmond, and the defeat of Richard III.

THROUGHOUT a garden green and gay,
 A seemly sight it was to see
 How flowers did flourish fresh and gay,
 And birds did sing melodiously.

 In the midst of a garden there sprang a tree, 5
 Which tree was of a mickle price,
 And thereupon sprang the rose so red,
 The goodliest that ever sprang on rise.

 This rose was fair, fresh to behold,
 Springing with many a royal lance; 10
 A crowned king, with a crown of gold,
 Over England, Ireland, and of France.

 Then came in a beast men called a boar,
 And he rooted this garden up and down;
 By the seed of the rose he set no store, 15
 But afterwards it wore the crown.

He took the branches of this rose away,
And all in sunder did them tear,
And he buried them under a clod of clay,
And swore they never should bloom nor bear. 20

Then came in an eagle gleaming gay,
Of all fair birds well worth the best ;
He took the branch of the rose away,
And bore it to Latham to his nest.

But now is this rose out of England exiled, 25
This certain truth I will not lain ;
But if it please you to sit awhile,
I'll tell how the rose came in again.

At Milford Haven he entered in ;
To claim his right was his delight ; 30
He brought the blue boar in with him,
To encounter with the boar so white.

Then a messenger the rose did send
To the eagle's nest, and bid him hie :
'To my father, the old eagle, I do me commend, 35
His aid and help I crave speedily.'

Says, 'I desire my father at my coming
Of men and money at my need,
And also my mother of her dear blessing ;
The better then I hope to speed.' 40

When the messenger came before th' old eagle,
He kneeled him down upon his knee,
Saith, 'Well greeteth you my lord the rose,
He hath sent you greetings here by me.

'Safe from the seas Christ hath him sent, 45
Now he' is entered England within.'
'Let us thank God,' the old eagle did say,
'He shall be the flower of all his kin.

'Wend away, messenger, with might and main;
 It's hard to know who a man may trust;
 I hope the rose shall flourish again,
 And have all things at his own lust.'

Then Sir Rice ap Thomas draws Wales with him;
 A worthy sight it was to see,
 How the Welshmen rose wholly with him,
 And shogged them to Shrewsbury. 55

At that time was baily in Shrewsbury
 One Master Mitton, in the town;
 The gates were strong, he made them fast,
 And the portcullis he let down.

And through a garrett of the walls,
 Over Severn these words said he;
 'At these gates no man enter shall';
 But he kept him out a night and a day.

These words Mitton did Earl Richmond tell 6
 (I am sure the chronicles will not lie);
 But when letters came from Sir William Stanley,
 Then the gates were opened presently.

Then entered this town the noble lord,
 The Earl Richmond, the rose so red; 70
 The Earl of Oxford with a sword
 Would have smit off the bailiff's head.

'But hold your hand,' says Earl Richmond,
 'For His love that died upon a tree!
 For if we begin to head so soon, 75
 In England we shall bear no degree.'

'What offence have I made thee,' said Earl Richmond,
 'That thou kept me out of my town?'
 'I know no king,' said Mitton then
 'But Richard now that wears the crown.' 80

'Why, what wilt thou say,' said Earl Richmond,
'When I have put King Richard down?'
'Why, then I'll be as true to you, my lord,
After the time that I am sworn.'

'Were it not great pity,' said Earl Richmond, 85
'That such a man as this should die,
Such loyal service by him done?'
(The chronicles of this will not lie.)

'Thou shalt not be harmed in any case'—
He pardonèd him presently. 90
They stayed not past a night and a day,
But towards Newport did they hie.

But at Atherstone these lords did meet;
A worthy sight it was to see
How Earl Richmond took his hat in his hand, 95
And said, 'Cheshire and Lancashire, welcome to me!'

But now is a bird of the eagle taken;
From the white boar he cannot flee;
Therefore the old eagle makes great moan,
And prays to God most certainly. 100

'O steadfast God, verament,' he did say,
'Three Persons in one God in Trinity,
Save my son, the young eagle, this day
From all false craft and treachery!'

Then the blue boar the vanward had; 105
He was both wary and wise of wit;
The right hand of them he took,
The sun and wind of them to get.

Then the eagle followed fast upon his prey,
With sore dints he did them smite; 110
The talbot he bit wondrous sore,
So well the unicorn did him quite.

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And then came in the hart's head ;
A worthy sight it was to see,
The jackets that were of white and red, 11
How they laid about them lustily.

But now is the fierce field foughten and ended,
And the white boar there lieth slain,
And the young eagle is preserved,
And come to his nest again. 12

But now this garden flourishes gay
With fragrant flowers comely of hue,
And gardeners it doth maintain ;
I hope they will prove just and true.

Our king, he is the rose so red, 125
That now does flourish fresh and gay ;
Confound his foes, Lord, we beseech,
And love His Grace both night and day !

Traditional Ballad.

NOTES.

1. BOADICEA.

20. The Roman Empire was really overthrown by the Goths.

3. KING CANUTE.

37. Joshua was the Jewish captain.

4. WILLIAM'S EULOGY OF HAROLD.

5. them: Harold and Edith.

10. Northumbrian: Morcar, Harold's brother-in-law.

6. BECKET.

- 3-7. Homer, in the *Iliad*, tells of the forging of Achilles' armour by Vulcan.

9. THE BARD.

13. 'Glo'ster': Edward I.'s son-in-law.

23. Hoel, Llewellyn: these, with Cadwalllo, Urien, Modred, and Taliesin (L 121) are Welsh bards.

35. 'Arvon: Caernarvon = Camp in Arvon.

The 'agonising king' (line 56) is Edward II.; the 'she-wolf of France' (57), Isabella, his queen; the 'scourge of heaven' (60), Edward III.; the 'sable warrior' (67), the Black Prince. Lines 71-82 deal with Richard II.; lines 83-90, with the Wars of the Roses, the murders in the Tower, the 'faith' of Margaret of Anjou, the 'fame' of Henry V., the 'holy head' of Henry VI. The 'bristled boar' (93) is symbolical of Richard III.; 'half of thy heart' of Eleanor of Castile, 'who died a few years after the conquest of Wales.' Line 110 celebrates the accession of the House of Tudor; lines 115-20, Queen Elizabeth; lines 125-27, Spenser; lines 128-30, Shakespeare; lines 131-32, Milton; and

the 'distant warblings' of line 133, 'the succession of poets after Milton's time.'

10. SIR PATRICK SPENS.

29. **Monanday**: Monday: the day of Mona the moon.

32. **Wodensday**: Wednesday: the day of Woden or Odin.

50. **auld moon** ..: the unilluminated part of the moon. 'It is considered as an almost infallible presage of bad weather if the moon lies sair on her back . . . or when the new moon appears with the auld moon in her arms' (Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*).

84. **swam aboon**: their hats swam on the top of the water.

97. **Aberdour**: a small port on the north side of the Firth of Forth, about five miles from Dunfermline.

12. DEATH OF EDWARD II.

12, 13. **Gurney, Matrevis**: his keepers.

13. DURHAM FIELD.

41. **Anguish**: Angus. In reality Angus and Neville (65) were on the English side.

49. **Vaughan**: perhaps Buchan.

79. **Marshes**: Marches, the Border.

93. **Westchester**: Chester.

105. See Preface to Ballad.

163. **Fluwilliams**: Llewellyn. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, Fluellen.

250-252. Crecy was fought 26th August, 1346, and Poitiers 19th September, 1356.

14. CHEVY CHASE.

4. **Chevy Chase**: Cheviot hunting-ground.

49. **Tividale**: Teviotdale, in the lowlands of Scotland near the Border.

225. **King James**: he was not crowned till 1424.

242. **Humbledown**: Homildon Hill, in Northumberland, where the Percies defeated the Scots in 1402.

15. RICHARD II.

29. In order to raise funds, Richard II. leased out the revenues of England to various nobles.

16. KING HENRY V.'s CONQUEST.

53. Henry went back to England after Agincourt.

59-60. Henry V. married Catherine, the daughter of Charles VI. of France.

17. HENRY V.'s SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT.

24. 'that is afraid of dying in our company.'

35. *advantages*: he will talk boastfully of his feats.

38. *Bedford*. He had been left in England as Regent.

18. BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

6. *Caux*: the modern Havre.

27. The odds were about five to one.

41. Poitiers (1356) was partially, and Crecy (1346) almost wholly, won by the archers.

49. *Duke of York*: grandson of Edward III.

53. *Exeter*: Lord Camoys led the rear.

66. *Erpingham*: Sir Thomas, the English marshal.

97. *Glo'ster*: Humphrey, the king's youngest brother.

101. *Clarence*: Henry's third brother was not in the battle. Nor was the Earl of Warwick (105).

19. THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

1. *garden*: England.

7. *the rose so red*: Henry V.

13. *a boar*: Richard III., whose cognisance was a silver boar.

15. *the seed of the rose*: Henry of Richmond.

17. *the branches of this rose*: Henry VI. and his son Edward.

21. *the eagle*: Lord Stanley, whose castle was at Latham.

31. *the blue boar*: the cognisance of the Earl of Oxford.

39. *my mother*: Margaret Beaufort, whose second husband was Lord Stanley.

93. *Atherstone*: near Bosworth.

97. *a bird of the eagle*: Lord Strange, son of Lord Stanley.

111. *the talbot*: a kind of dog, the cognisance of the Talbots.

112. *the unicorn*: Sir John Savage.

113. *the hart's head*: Sir William Stanley, Lord Stanley's brother.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Battle of Brunanburh,	-	-	<i>Tr. by Lord Tennyson.</i>
Battle of Maldon,	-	-	<i>Contemporary Poem.</i>
Historical Plays,	-	-	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
(Selection from above in present series.)			
Robin Hood Ballads.			
Becket,	-	-	<i>Tennyson's Drama.</i>
Edward I.,	-	-	<i>G. Peele.</i>
Political Songs,	-	-	<i>L. Minot.</i>
Edward III.,	-	-	<i>Old Play.</i>
Prologue,	-	-	<i>Chaucer.</i>
Piers Plowman,	-	-	<i>Langland.</i>
Mirror for Magistrates,	-	-	<i>T. Sackville.</i>
Visions of England,	-	-	<i>F. T. Palgrave.</i>
English and Scottish Popular			
Ballads,	-	-	<i>Edited by Child (Nutt).</i>

Thanks are due to Lord Tennyson for permission to include in this volume an extract from the late Lord Tennyson's drama of 'Harold'; to Messrs Ellis for permission to insert an extract from D. G. Rossetti's 'White Ship'; and to the representatives of the late Aubrey de Vere for a similar permission in the case of 'Becket.'

Attention may here be called to the two splendid ballads 'The White Ship' (only part of which is given in the present volume) and 'The King's Tragedy' (James I. of Scotland), to be found in D. G. Rossetti's *Poetical Works* (Popular Edition, 6s Pocket Edition, 3s. 6d. net; Ballads only, 2s. 6d.); and also to the high poetical merit of the late Aubrey de Vere's too little known tragedy of 'Becket.'

GLOSSARY.

[An asterisk (*) prefixed denotes that the word is either no longer used or not used in the sense which it bears here.]

*a (15. 27): on.
 abed (15. 49): in bed.
 *aboon (10. 84): above.
 *account (14. 190, 245): reputation.
 aghast (7. 13): amazed.
 *aim (18. 67): give, direct.
 aloof (4. 10, 9. 37): at a distance, apart.
 amazed (18. 28): surprised, astonished.
 *ancient (13. 158): standard.
 *anear (5. 92): near.
 *anon (13. 182, 224): immediately.
 apace (5. 112, 13. 26): fast, swiftly.
 aright (14. 24): in a right way.
 attempered (9. 118): regulated, modified.
 *awaiting (10. 95): waiting.
 azure realm (9. 72): the blue sea.
 baffled (9. 82): deceived, fooled.
 *bailly (19. 57): bailiff.
 baleful (9. 82): evil.
 bask (6. 16): to lie in the warmth or sunshine.
 *bearen (13. 32): bear (old plural).
 beck (5. 46): call.
 befall (13. 4, 14. 4): happen.
 benefactor (3. 18): one who does good to another.

*bent (14. 105): grass.
 *bespake (13. 25): spake.
 *besprent (18. 94): sprinkled, splashed.
 betimes (15. 6): early.
 bide (14. 105): abide, remain.
 *bilbos (18. 82): swords made in Bilbao in Spain.
 bore (3. 51): went.
 *boun (13. 8, 102, 150): ready.
 breed (15. 22): natural and inherited qualities.
 *breme (13. 74): fierce.
 bulwark (5. 86): a fortification or rampart.
 *busk (13. 8, 102, 150): to prepare.
 buskined (9. 128): wearing buskins, a kind of half boot with high heels worn in ancient times by tragic actors.
 *but all only (13. 109): all except.
 cattiff (6. 26): a mean, despicable fellow.
 care (8. 36): trouble.
 cavil (3. 51): to raise objections.
 celibate (6. 44): unmarried person.
 chance (13. 240, 18. 3): fortune, luck.

- ***changen** (13. 192): change (old plural).
character (9. 52): anything stamped.
 ***cheer** (13. 192): face, looks.
coat-armour (13. 42, 50): coat of arms
comely (19. 122): pleasing, graceful.
communis omnibus (3. 32): common to all.
 ***condition** (17. 48): position in life.
confusion (9. 2): shame, defeat.
consort (9. 89): wife.
 ***convoy** (17. 22): conveyance, passage.
cormorant (15. 8): a web-footed sea-bird of great voracity; a glutton.
 ***coz** (17. 15): cousin.
crowns (13. 20, 226): heads; (17. 22): money.

dastard (8. 16): cowardly fellow.
 ***debate** (14. 251): strife.
 ***degree** (16. 18, 30; 19. 76): rank.
 ***demi-paradise** (15. 12): almost heaven.
despite (5. 113): notwithstanding.
 ***ding** (18. 91): to hit or throw violently.
 ***dint** (19. 110): a blow.
 ***distempered** (12. 23): distracted.
done (13. 31): do (old plural).
doughtily (18. 111): bravely.
dub (13. 98): to confer knight-hood by striking the shoulder with the flat of the sword.
dumps (14. 194): low spirits.

 ***ee** (10. 20): eye.

- ***enow** (13. 38; 17. 5): enow
 ***faint** (8. 35): slow.
fallow (14. 26): pale yellow.
 ***fast** (14. 50): close, near.
 ***fee** (10. 38): dowry, proper
 ***fell** (9. 81): cruel.
fief (6. 25): land held of superior.
 ***fien** (13. 192): fly (old plural)
 ***fling** (13. 112): to go at full speed.
 ***fond** (9. 135): foolish.
 ***food** (13. 237): man, knight
 ***for** (13. 40): for fear of.
 ***forward** (13. 43): the front of the army.
 ***forwhy** (14. 143): because.
 ***fou** (10. 43): bushel.

 ***gain** (10. 42): suffice.
gall (6. 78): to hurt the skin by rubbing.
 ***garrett** (19. 61): watch-tower
 ***gate** (13. 124): manner of acting.
gaud (6. 8): ornament.
 ***gentle** (17. 48): confer the rank of gentleman.
genuine (9. 110): of pure descent.
ghastly (9. 36): deathlike, hideous.
girt (9. 111): surrounded.
 ***grisly** (9. 44): frightful.
 ***gurdy** (10. 56): rough, stormy.

haggard (9. 18): lean, hollow-eyed.
hale (2. 11): healthy, sound of body.
haled (14. 176): hauled.
 ***hap** (14. 58): fortune, luck.
harbour (12. 32, 46): shelter, hold.
 ***hard-hansel** (13. 37): bad omen.

*hauberk (9. 5): originally neck armour.
 *head (19. 75): behead.
 *helm (9. 5): helmet.
 *henchman (18. 52): groom, servant.
 *hie (19. 34, 92): hasten.
 *hind (5. 35): farm servant, servant.
 hoary (1. 6; 9. 19): white with age.
 impious (9. 135): wicked, profane.
 incredulous (2. 80): slow to believe.
 infection (15. 14): bad foreign influences.
 insatiate (15. 8): that cannot be satisfied.
 into (10. 90): in.
 irk (6. 57): to distress.
 Jewry (15. 25): Judaea.
 jovial (16. 40): joyous, full of mirth.
 *laid on lead (14. 119): dealt heavy blows.
 *lain (19. 26): conceal.
 *lance (19. 10): bad.
 *lap (10. 57): leapt.
 *leeve (13. 23): dear.
 *lent (18. 93): gave.
 *leve (13. 243): grant.
 Hege lord (5. 11): independent sovereign.
 *lift (10. 55): sky, air.
 *light (15. 8): idle, worthless.
 lion-port (9. 117): lion-like bearing.
 list (12. 11): listen; (14. 71): please.
 loom (9. 95): frame for weaving cloth.
 lop (18. 48): to cut off.
 lore (6. 36): doctrine, learning.
 lour (11. 6): to frown.

bruid (2. 75): yellowish-red.
 lust (5. 115): pleasure; (19. 52): desire.
 lustily (19. 116): strongly.
 *made (19. 77): done.
 maiden knight (18. 102): new to the wars.
 main (8. 43): disfigure, injure.
 main (9. 30; 18. 5): the high seas; (18. 51): the chief portion of the army; (19. 49): strength, force.
 *mark'd (17. 5): destined, doomed.
 *maugre (5. 114): in spite of.
 *may (13. 180): maiden.
 *meed (13. 82): reward.
 *meetem (13. 128): meet (old plural).
 mere (2. 24): sea or lake.
 meteor (9. 20): fireball, shooting star.
 methinks (17. 17): I think.
 *mickle (19. 6): much.
 mien (1. 3): look, appearance.
 minster (3. 19): the church of an abbey or priory, a cathedral.
 *moll (5. 74): disturbance.
 narwhale (2. 92): sea-unicorn.
 obsequies (9. 66): funeral ceremonies.
 *office (15. 17): place.
 orb of day (9. 136): the sun.
 *order (13. 173): to prepare.
 *outbraved (14. 77): defied.
 overwatched (12. 51): worn out for want of sleep.
 *palfrey (13. 217): saddle-horse.
 palm (8. 23): a leaf was borne in sign of victory.
 *peltin (15. 30): paltry.

- portcullis** (19. 60): a sliding door of crossed bars pointed with iron hung over a gateway.
pregnant (1. 34): filled with.
***present** (14. 17): immediate.
***presently** (19. 68): immediately.
progeny (1. 25): offspring.
prove (18. 3): make trial of.

quarry (14. 37): slaughtered deer.
quite (19. 112): acquit.

ratify (9. 96): settle, approve.
***reft** (9. 79): robbed.
regal (9. 80): royal.
***rest** (18. 34): resolve, determination.
***rise** (19. 8): twig, branch.
***rude** (8. 2): unpolished
rue (7. 6; 13. 28, 188; 14. 7): to grieve, repent.
***ruth** (5. 38): pity.
ruthless (8. 42; 9. 1): pitiless.

sable (9. 17, 67): blackish, dark-brown.
sacrilegious (3. 13): violating sacred things.
***saga** (2. 40): a tale in the old prose literature of Iceland.
***saiden** (13. 193): said (old plural).
sanguine (9. 135): bloody.
scandal (15. 37): disgrace.
***scantly** (13. 184): scarcely.
seemly (19. 2): handsome.
***shock** (7. 6): overthrow.
***shogged** (19. 56): moved.
***shoon** (13. 104): shoes.
shortly (13. 166, 182): in few words, without delay.
siege (14. 32): continued attack.
sire (3. 14): father.
***sith** (14. 234): since.
- skirt** (9. 106): border, margin.
***solace** (13. 254): pleasure.
***sort** (18. 10): manner.
speciousness (6. 102): show appearance.
***speed** (19. 40): success.
***spell** (13. 2): space of time.
sprang (19. 5, 7, 8): grew.
stay (3. 37, 40): cause to stop.
***stead** (13. 46): place.
***stomach** (17. 20): courage.
store (19. 15): value.
***stound** (13. 12, 214): a moment of time.
sublime (9. 112): majestically loftily.
surmise (2. 104): suspicion.
***sway** (1. 30): govern; (9. 75) power.
symphonious (9. 119): harmonious.

***talbot** (19. 111): a kind of dog.
tardy (18. 84): slow.
tawny (2. 10, 110): reddish yellow.
this while (18. 89): during this time.
tho (13. 132): them.
thorough (13. 44, 56, 84, 195, 196): through.
thwart (4. 26): oppose, go against.
tissue (9. 48): cloth interwoven with figured colours.
trace (9. 52): mark out sketch.
train (5. 4, 36, 125): line of huntsmen or attendants.
trance (9. 13): ecstasy, faint.
travail (5. 99): labour, pain.
***trenchant** (8. 17): cutting, sharp.
trim (9. 73): state.
troth (13. 207, 231): truth.

***upon** (17. 10): at.

- *vaward (18. 50). See vanward.
- *vanward (13. 53, 83, 105, 135; 19. 105): the advanced portion of an army.
- *verament (19. 101): truly.
- *verge (9. 51): margin.
- vigil (17. 30): the eve of a feast.
- *wap (10. 75, 79): throw, wrap.
- *warp and woof (9. 49, 98): the threads stretched out parallel in the loom (the warp) are crossed by the woven, inserted thread (the woof).
- wary (19. 106): cautious.
- weird (2. 107): unearthly, strange.
- well worth (19. 22): quite as good as.
- wend (19. 49): go.
- *whelm (5. 69, 70): overwhelm.
- *wood (14. 119): mad, raging.
- *yearn (17. 11): to grieve, annoy.
- yeoman (13. 29, 204, 215): countryman, small farmer.
- *yestreen (10. 49): yestereven.
- zephyr (9. 71): soft west wind.

QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

[The Roman Numerals in brackets give the number of the poem to which the question refers.]

1. Give the substance of the Druid's prophecy in prose in your own words. (I.)
2. What *similes* occur in 'The Discoverer of the North Cape'? (II.)
3. What was William's prayer for England? Show how it has been fulfilled. Can we distinguish any qualities in the national character as of Norman and English origin respectively? (IV.)
4. What light does William's praise of Harold throw on William's own character? (IV.)
5. Write an account of the wreck of the White Ship and the death of Prince William in simple prose, as it might be told by an old chronicler. (V.)
6. Choose the lines (not more than six) which you like the best in the Ballad, and say why you like them. (V.)
7. Give a brief account of the life of Becket as Primate, discussing the question how far his aspirations, as expressed in his speech, were realised. (VI.)
8. What points in the characters of Becket and of the young Prince are revealed in this scene? (VI.)
9. Describe this scene as it might be represented by a great painter. (VI.)
10. Give the substance of Faulconbridge's speech as carefully as you can in your own words. (VII.)
11. Write a short life of Simon de Montfort, and state his importance in the history of England. (VIII.)
12. Define 'metaphor,' 'simile,' 'personification,' 'alliteration,' and give an example of each from the 'Bard.' (IX.)

13. Select four striking epithets from the 'Bard,' and say why you admire them. Try to think what would be the effect on the poem of leaving the epithets out. (ix.)

14. 'In reading the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens we seem to see a succession of vivid pictures.' Describe them in your own words. (x.)

15. Give the meaning of

(a) And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
 •Of as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
 Yet will it melt.

(b) I see my tragedy written in thy brows. (xii.)

16. Tell the story of the Battle of Durham Field briefly in your own words. (xiii.)

17. Give the meaning of lines 73-104 of 'Durham Field' fully and carefully. (xiii.)

18. Narrate the incidents preceding the Battle of Chevy Chase in your own words. What part does Witherington play in the ballad? How is the news of the deaths of Douglas and Percy received by their respective sovereigns? (xiv.)

19. Write out carefully in your own words lines 57-64 of 'Chevy Chase.' (xiv.)

20. Give the meaning of lines 27-34 of Gaunt's speech. How far is the speech consistent with his character? (xv.)

21. State briefly Henry's reasons for not wishing for more men. Write a short estimate of his character, based upon this speech. (xvii.)

22. Write out stanza 3 in your own words. Give the substance of Henry's address to his men in your own words. Can you name any poem of Tennyson's resembling this ballad in structure and form? (xviii.)

23. What is an 'allegory'? Give in your own words the allegory of 'The Rose of England.' What was the incident of the 'bailv'? (xix.)

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